

DISCIPLINE.

AN ANECDOTE FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

[No parent, who reads the following, can fail to be impressed with the benefits of that "Discipline," the foundation of which is mildness, gentleness, and love. Those of us who have "little Marys" and "little brothers," to rear up for usefulness, may take a hint from this finely constructed sketch, and go and do likewise.]

Little Mary once struck her brother during my absence from the house. The stick in her hand had a sharp knot, which went clear through his cheek, making an ugly gash. The blood flowed in a stream, the boy screamed piteously, and Mary was exceedingly alarmed. She had no animosity against her little playmate; on the contrary, she loved him dearly, and when her mother, who was called to the room by his screams, came in, her little daughter had thrown her arms around his neck, and was joining her cries to his, while the red blood poured full in her face. When mother had made inquiries, she took the boy away to dress the wound, and the girl went up stairs without a word, and crept under the bed. There she sat and sobbed for several hours. Her mother, discovering where she had gone, said not a word to her, believing that it was best to leave her for the present alone. Her own heart was much pained to hear her dear child's grief, but she was willing to let her suffer for a while, in hopes that it might be made a lasting lesson to her.

I came in a little while before night, and learned how matters stood. It was a season to me of great interest and responsibility. Upon my own action here might depend the future conduct of this child. Her violent temper had been often checked by punishment, and she had been frequently enough told of its evil consequences. Now it had led her to a great crime, and if not at once restrained, my little daughter might grow up wicked and miserable.

I considered awhile how I should act, and having humbly asked guidance of the Father of all, I took my seat in the room where the affair had happened, and took the knotty stick in my hand. Then I called out in a kind voice, "Sister, come here to pa." She was always an obedient girl, and she instantly crept out and came down to me. Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance as she looked in my face. She had wept until her eyes were greatly inflamed, but they were dry, and in her face was a look of the most profound humility and grief that I ever saw. She walked slowly to my side and bowed her head on my knees. I said, "My daughter, some naughty person has hurt your little brother very much. His cheek is cut open, and I think there will always be a scar there as long as he lives. Will my daughter tell me who did it?" I heard a little sob, and then she whispered, "It was me." I continued, "If the stick had struck his eye, he would have been made blind." She commenced weeping. I said, "If it had struck his temple, it might have killed him." She gave a low scream, and said, "O, pa." I continued, "Yes: the blow you struck would have killed

your brother if some one had not turned it aside. There was some one in the room who saw how angry my daughter was, and when she struck the sharp knotty stick into her brother's face, he turned it aside, and saved his life. Do you know who it was?" She looked up into my face with a look of almost happiness, and said, "It was God, pa." "Yes," I continued, "no one but God could have done it. He has saved my boy's life, but how sorry He must be that any little girl can have so bad a heart as you have. God never can love the bad girl in this world or in the next."

She wept now more bitterly than before. I took her hand, and led her into the room where her brother lay asleep. His face was bound up, and it was very pale.

I asked her softly, "Is little brother alive yet?" She started as if smitten with a horrible thought, and uttered an ejaculation of grief. This awoke the boy, who, casting his eyes about, and seeing Mary bathed in tears, reached out his arms and called her. It was electric, and hardened must have been the heart which could behold this sweet reconciliation without tears.

That night, as we bowed around the sacred altar of family service, tender hearts were ours, and the angels who watched to carry our offerings upward, saw the tear-drops glittering in the fire-light, and heard low sobs as we united to ask the seal of God's approbation upon this reconciliation on earth.—*Banner of Peace.*

HOME LIGHTS AND HOME SHADOWS.

BY LINA BELL.

In a small, neat house, in a quiet, clean street, just back of a fashionable one, sat an old lady, at a work-table. She had laid a piece of work neatly folded on the table, and, glancing from the clock to the door, seemed to be expecting some one. The door opened, and a girl entered. She was tall and very slender. Her hair and eyes were black, and her complexion usually pale and sallow. But now her face was radiant with pleasure; her eyes were glistening, and her dark cheek had a tinge of red. A smile was on her lip, which called forth a responsive one from her mother, as she said—

"O, mother, I have treated myself to one of the prettiest things in the world. Only guess. Well, you can't. Then I will tell you. A beautiful white camilla. It was only fifty cents,—think what a bargain."

The mother smiled and said, "I don't know whether it is a bargain or not, Sallie; for I don't know the value of flowers, not being able to buy them."

"But I do, mother; for I never go to market, but I stop at the flower-stands, and gaze at them as long as I have time to spare. It does me so much good to look at the beautiful things. I think it improves me, for I can make a dress so much prettier after looking at them. Indeed, the idea of that trimming which I put on Miss Hartley's dress, and for which she gave me two dollars more than I asked, came to me while I was looking at some beautiful leaves in the market. I never asked the price of the flowers, because I could not buy them, but I could hear the man tell his customers, and he has always asked a dollar or more for one the size of this. To-day, I thought I would price a small one that he had, and if he would take fifty cents for it, buy it. I thought I could afford that, after getting so much more than I expected for Miss Hartley's dress. The little one had only two buds on it. The man asked me if I was fond of flowers. I told him yes, and wanted to buy a camilla, but did not think I would go higher than half a dollar. He took this elegant large one, with nine buds, and said I should have it for that price, although he had never sold one so full of buds for less than a dollar and a half or two dollars. I was so pleased, I hardly could thank him. He understood why I could not, and said he loved his flowers, and was always pleased when they fell into hands that would care for them. But you shall see my beauty."

She brought it in, holding it in the light, and calling her mother's attention to the dark glossiness of the leaves, and the size of the buds.

"You don't think it was extravagant, do you, mother?" said she, earnestly.

"Not at all, my darling. I am delighted that you have got the flower, and have enjoyed it so much already. You work hard, and have too few pleasures for me to object to so innocent a use of a little of what you earn. I wish you would gratify more of your tastes, and not always be

thinking of me, as you do when you have a cent to spare, and spending it in things I could very well do without. A tear came to the eye of the mother, which was answered by one in that of the daughter, which hastily brushing away, she said—

"You work as hard as I do, mother, and what you get 'is your own. If I can do more than you, I am younger, and have been always used to it. You do as much as you can, and I do no more."

How pleasantly that day passed to Sallie, and how cheerfully she sewed, those only can know to whom indulgence in articles to please the taste was as rare as to her. For its demands to some natures are as really a want as the gratification of hunger. The love of the beautiful was a part of the being of that young girl; then how exquisite the gratification of this long-craved indulgence! And as the flowers bloomed, one after another, their opening was watched with the greatest delight by Sallie. All had bloomed but one, and she loved that last bud, if possible, more than all the rest—it was the last she would have for a year. She wished she could make it open more slowly, that she might enjoy its beauty longer. But open it would, and the pearly bud was just breaking through its green cover, when she received orders to make a party dress for a very fashionable young married lady, who had heard of the young dressmaker's taste. It was her first order, and Sallie was very anxious to please her, having heard from the lady, who had recommended her work, that it was very difficult to do so. With great exertion she finished the dress, and took it home at the hour required. When she entered the house, she was sent to the dressing-room of the lady.

"Why did you not bring the dress home sooner?" she said, impatiently. "It is almost time I was dressed; and suppose it does not fit?"

"I did not expect to get it finished sooner, Madam; you remember this is the hour I promised it; I brought it the minute I put the last stitch. I think it will fit you."

The lady took the dress and examined it critically, and with every disposition to find fault with the work, but could not. She feared it was "a world too wide in the waist." But no, it fitted exactly, and she allowed some of the cloud to pass from her fair young face.

When Sallie found the dress fitted, she left Mrs. Howard trying on one head-dress after another, and unable to make up her mind which to wear. Jewels, feathers, lace—nothing suited, when the idea of a white camilla presented itself, as she remembered the half-opened one she had seen on the window of Sallie's little parlor. She sent a servant in great haste for it.

Sallie had arrived at home with her cheeks glowing from the haste she had made in walking, as it was late. Her mother had supper ready waiting for her. The little room looked very cheerful as she entered with a smile on her lips, that her mother's responded to the instant their eyes met.

"It suited, of course, I see by your looks."

"O, yes. Perhaps people have not taken pains to please Mrs. Howard, and that may be the rea-

son why she is considered so particular. She has a great many dresses to make, and has promised me the work. I am glad to have got such a customer, for her work is the kind I like best, and she pays a reasonable price for it. It takes almost as much time to make a calico dress as a silk one, and I only get half a dollar for it. I think, from the kind of work I am getting now, we will be very comfortable this winter; don't you, mother?"

Just as she said this, and was in the act of sitting down to the little table, a rap came to the door. It was the servant for her flower—her last flower! An indignant refusal rose to her lips, as she thought of the room she had left, strewn with ornaments of the most costly description, and her solitary flower coveted and asked for by the mistress of that profusion. It was a shame, and she was going to say so, when a thought of the consequences from the loss of work came to her mind, as the servant said she must send it, as his mistress was waiting. She went sadly and cut it from the plant, took one lingering look, while a tear fell on the flower as she handed it to the man. One long year must pass before she would have another! And this flower was thus taken by a woman to minister to her vanity from that poor girl, who dare not refuse her, for fear of want, and to whose heart it was dear as the only form of the beautiful she could gaze on, and call her own. It *was* a shame.

But Mrs. Howard did not know how much she loved it. Then she was no true woman,—she knew it was hers, and was beautiful—her only one—how could she help loving it?

Poor Sallie sat sadly down to the table, in vain striving to conceal her grief from her mother. She eat no supper, and the tears *would come*.